

Poem by Alexander Graham Bell, 1861

11

Dear Miss McCurdy I forget whether these verses were included among the "Juvenilia" sent you some time ago. If not put there in here after the other verses given after. AGB

62 13 49 24 25 62 28 76 15 2 14

62 34 28 14

62 24 38 219

The following verses were written by me in 1861, when 14 years old. They were found preserved in my mother's scrap-book of poetry, but were overlooked at the time when my other juvenile productions were sent to the Recorder (see Vol IX p. 245.)

The Blackbird

(by Alexander Graham Bell, 1861)

I hear the blackbird's joyous song 19 Resounding from the hill Sweetest of Scotland's
vocal throng Jet black with golden bill.

Within the hedge I saw him slide Where hungry fledglings stay And where his mate, with
mother's pride, Unwearied sits all day

And when the evening on doth creep Still sounds his gentle cry The birds around are
hushed to sleep By the blackbird's lullaby

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How clear it swells o'er hill and dale How soft its plaintive fall The blackbird is our
nightingale Like him, beloved by all.